

Jack. [*Astounded.*] Well . . . surely. You know that I love

you, and you led me to believe, Miss Fairfax, that you were not absolutely indifferent to me.

Gwendolen. I adore you. But you haven't proposed to me yet.

Nothing has been said at all about marriage. The subject

has not even been touched on.

Jack. Well . . . may I propose to you now?

Gwendolen. I think it would be an admirable opportunity.

And to spare you any possible disappointment,

Mr. Worthing,

I think it only fair to tell you quite frankly beforehand that

I am fully determined to accept you.

Jack. Gwendolen!

Gwendolen. Yes, Mr. Worthing, what have you got to say to me?

Jack. You know what I have got to say to you.

Gwendolen. Yes, but you don't say it.

Jack. Gwendolen, will you marry me? [*Goes on his knees.*]

Gwendolen. Of course I will, darling. How long you have been

about it I am afraid you have had very little experience in how to propose.

Jack. My own one, I have never loved any one in the world but you.

Gwendolen. Yes, but men often propose for practice. I know

my brother Gerald does. All my girl friends tell me so.

What wonderfully blue eyes you have, Ernest!

They are

quite, quite, blue. I hope you will always

look at me just

like that, especially when there are other people present.

Enter Lady Bracknell.

Lady Bracknell. Mr. Worthing! Rise, sir, from this semi-recumbent posture. It is most indecorous.

Gwendolen. Mamma I [*He tries to rise; she restrains him.*]

I must beg you to retire. This is no place for you. Besides,

Mr. Worthing has not quite finished yet,

Lady Bracknell. Finished what, may I ask?

Gwendolen. I am engaged to Mr. Worthing, mamma.

[*They rise together.*]

Lady Bracknell. Pardon me, you are not engaged to any one.

When you do become engaged to some one, I, or your father,

should his health permit him, will inform you of the fact.

An engagement should come on a young girl as a surprise,

pleasant or unpleasant, as the case may be. It is hardly a

matter that she could be allowed to arrange for herself. . . .